

Ivy Leaves

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IVY LEAVES '79'

Poetry is the key to the secrets
man locks within himself.

Kathleen Matthews

May 1, 1979

Editor's Note--

It was indeed a grand pleasure to read and experience each of these poem and art submissions. "The Ivy Leaves", I believe, has successfully accomplished its goals of publishing the student's expressions.

Without the co-operation and encouragement from my many helpers, the "Ivy Leaves" would not have been possible.

I would like to express the deepest appreciation to the following people:

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Selection Committee

Jeff Brown
Karen Henderson
Harold Rice
Dana Shaw
Kevin Sightler

"Ivy Leaves" Staff

Jeff Brown
Dana Shaw
Roger Turner
Karen Henderson, Editor
Dr. Frank Bonner, Advisor

Sincerely,
Karen Henderson

Meme

Meme is my grandma's name
Pure in heart, always the same.
She's helped me pave my chosen way.
And I love her more day by day.
Through the years, she had given to me
A simple kind of philosophy.
Teaching me what's right and wrong,
Helped me out and made me strong.
She's instilled in me a love of God,
Opened my eyes and let me see.
Her days are in God's hands
As ours are too.
And during my life, I will carry through
Her kindness and gentleness.
These within my heart
To the end, to the end,
As I've tried from the start.

George Kannelos

nightbird

The long shadows grow on a soon-starry night,
They gleam for a second on a nightbird in flight.
Swooping high and low, silent as the sea,
Gliding in and out, resting in a tree.
Like a winged ghost; there's food to find.
A nightbird flies, and it haunts my mind.

Randy Holcombe

star castle builder

Star Castle Builder

Star Castle builder,
You always were
Bright shining silver eyes--
That's how I remember her.
And if she told the wind to blow
It would obey her
And blow her sweet kisses to me ... to me.

I met her when I was lonely,
She took my hand,
She said I was her one-and-only,
She made me feel like a man.
I flew through the universe with her,
We flew so high.
Yes she was a Star Castle Builder,
She made me fly.
Now that she's glided onward
Like a passing sun
I long to follow her homeward--
To her I want to run.

Star Castle Builder
You always were,
Bright shining silver eyes--
That's how I remember her
And if she told the wind to blow
It would obey her
And blow her sweet kisses to me.
When I think back I realize
How things really were.
I should have seen me in her eyes,
Just another star to her.

Jeff Brown

the man on the moon

The Man On The Moon

I see all you humans down there
Walking around with your feet on the ground,
Every night you watch and stare
And tell your children
Green cheese comes from there.
You make your jokes tinkle and tiddle
While I, the subject,
Am the answer to your riddle.
Beauty there is not on this face above,
But still you persist to mother me with love.
I, like you, am a servant of the Lord
To illuminate and glorify
That somewhat chaotic world of yours.

Kathleen Matthews

the sea

Like a woman in so many ways
Her beauty is mysterious and unsurpassed
She has shared the lives, the hopes,
the voyages, the dreams and tragedies of
so many men.
There from the beginning of time, she has
always filled the imagination of men, met many
of their needs as would a loving mother.
She's a lady of many moods--never the
same and always mysterious. She has
a will and might of her own.
The sky is her bonnet, the white, curly
swells are her hair.
She is always beautiful,
always mysterious .
She is the Sea.

Jeff Brown

forever today

The world is full of people
Who have never opened their eyes
or their minds.
They merely exist upon this earth,
They have no time to really live.
They have no search for truth
or meaning,
Only time to dance upon a falling star.
They know no tomorrows,
Only crowded todays.
Perhaps if they could spend a day
And know the good things of the world,
The sun might shine a brighter light
Upon their empty hearts.

Linda Wilson

chances

So much I meant to say
So much I meant to do
But I just let the chances slip away
And eventually, I lost you.

You were everything I dreamed for
But why did I let you walk out my door.
Why didn't I ever take the time to say
I'm glad you are here today.

The things I would change now for you,
The many ways I'd show my love for you,
But I can't bring the past back to me,
So I guess I'm left here with just a memory.

There was so much that I wanted to do.
So much, that I never made time for you.
The things I wanted the most in life
I just let walk out of my life

If I had you now to hold once more
I'd never let you go out that door,
And I'd never let the chances slip away
To tell you what you meant to me today.

Carla Rosser

Great Smokey Mountains: Sanctuary

santuary: place of refuge or protection.
(Webster's New World Dictionary)

Oh, dear Smokey,
Will you die man's death tomorrow?
Will you lie crippled and maimed?
I see your passionate sorrow
in the tears that flows from your
stoney eyes.

Dear old Smokey,
I see your epitaph carved in your damp slopes,
a ribbon of death strangling your life.
Oh, dear God, I hope
it will end some day--man's constant need to butcher
these mountains.

A profusion of life,
you are a bit of heaven, Smokey Mountain.
Scanning the endless ridges from a tree-covered dome,
each lofty summit is a fountain
of hope for us all--that is,
hope for survival.

Old Smokey Mountain, friend,
I can still close my eyes and see your smile:
sunrise reflected off the early-morning fog.
If you've got the time, come set set with me a while,
and you can tell me all you've seen the
past few ages.

Old Smokey Mountain, brother,
You make lots of faces at me,
Fuss at us with a summer storm,
fogging up the summit of Mt. LeConte.
You'll have to wait til next winter to grow bitter
with the cold.

Great Smokey Mountain, spirit,
You give my soul a new birth...

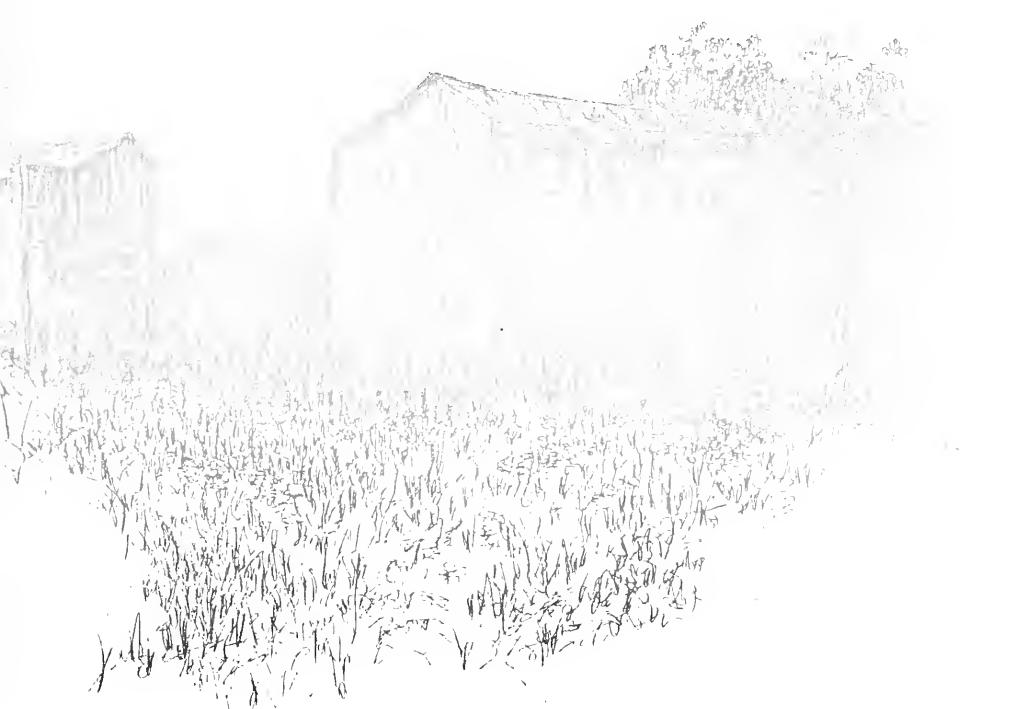
"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS

FROM WHENCE COMETH MY HELP.

MY HELP COMETH FROM THE LORD,

WHICH MADE HEAVEN AND EARTH."

Randy Holcombe



running free

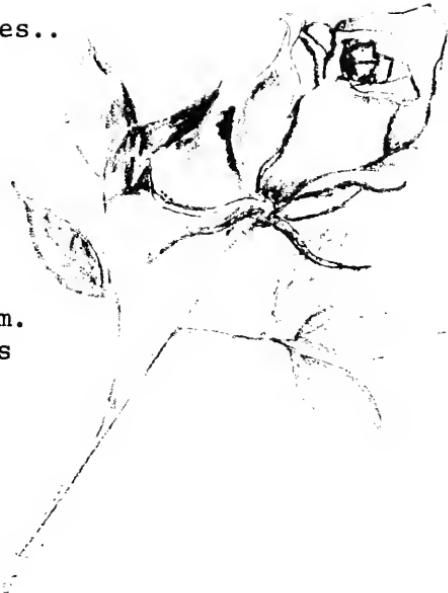
Everyone must, at times, run free.
Free!

From those who love,
From those who hate,
From those who burden,
From those who demand,
And even
From those who help.
A person has the need
To establish himself
In his own consciousness.
So, At times,
Everyone must run free
In order to bring together
The lines and curves
That have somehow
Fallen
Apart
And construct life
With more sense
And more meaning
And more completeness
And more certainty
Than it has
Ever
Had
Before.

Cathy Young

Close relationships are like roses..
You take great care and pride
So make them grow and as they
Grow, you watch them blossom
Into something very beautiful
And very special.
Then one day, you turn around
And they begin to wither and
Die before your eyes...
And you are helpless to save them.
Close relationships are like roses
Both are very special but...
neither seem to last forever.

Amy Hawley



When tomorrow comes will I find you
at my side?

When tomorrow comes will tears of sadness
fill my eyes?

When tomorrow comes will we share this
gift of love?

When tomorrow comes will our love soar
in the skies above?

When tomorrow comes will the answers I
seek be unknown?

Will you leave only memories? It's so
sad to be alone.

Scott Scarborough



Women to some, are a great work of art,
meant to be seen and admired from a-far.

Wonderful to see and great to behold,
just always remember, don't get too bold.

If too close, by chance you may wander,
try not to slip up and cause a blunder.

If around a woman too long you linger,
she'll soon have you wrapped around her little finger

You must always remain on the tips of your toes,
or soon you'll get a ring in the nose!

When she's got you down and feeling blue,
remember I told you what she might do.

I'm really not down on women, you see.
I've got a woman and she's married to me.

Some men are lucky, they've found the right girl,
I, myself, have a beautiful pearl.

Remember to keep on your P's and Q's,
till you find the right woman special to you.

Larry Bodie



She came into my life
she won me with just a smile.
She caught my eye and held if
for awhile.
But too little time and too many friends
kept us busy and mostly apart
I drifted away thinking she wasn't worth
my while.

She wasn't just another woman.
I couldn't read the thoughts on her mind
Sometime I thought she saw one better
and left me behind.
But now after so long without her
and suddenly beside her again
I look back and wonder how I could
have been so blind.

Jeff Brown

I AM SIMPLY AMAZED

Full of love only a child could know,
Your joy and Your wonder,
can brighten up the darkest of my days.
With a smile you came into my life
And filled it full of wonder,
And in you, you know I simply
Am amazed.

Cherished are the moments
That you are with me,
Brighter than the sunshine
Feeling oh so free.

You were sent to me from heaven
And I surely am a blessed man.
You have brought me joy in all so many ways,
Everything You do so lovingly,
And the words you speak so soothing,
And in you, you know I simply
Am amazed.

Jeff Brown

SWEET DREAMS

Thick, white marshmallows
Hugged the lime flavored trees
While lemon flowers danced below.
Two orange butterflies
Went fluttering by
And landed on a licorice rose.
Evening drew nigh
As a blueberry pie
With cream cheese splashed
Here and there.
What a wonderful dream,
And how delicious it seemed
Riding off on a chocolate mare.

Lisa Dempsey

LONELINESS

Many seasons have passed since I last saw your
smile or felt your soft enduring touch.

Still I feel deep pain and sadness in
remembering and missing you.

Many nights I awaken from slumber reaching
for you, half expecting to find you there.

Here my voice, oh love, I miss your embrace.

May God keep peace in my heart.

Scott Scarbough

Hey there, Teacher.
Yeah you with that
Crew cut....
Did you know that you're living in the
Swinging 70's?
Or are those straight legged pants
And that striped shirt
Your way of rebelling?
You see, most of the other kids
Think of you as Mr. Straight.
Well, I know your secret,
But don't worry; it's safe with me.
You see Mr. All American Red-Neck,
You're a phony, you aren't hard and unconcerned
As you'd like me to believe,
But kind and gentle as I know you are.
You're unusual, original and a real softie
To get right down to it.
But, Ya know what, Mr. Teacher?
I love you.

Kathleen Matthews



DAVID LOLLIS

Lost and All Alone

From where I came no one knows,

And where I go even I don't know.

I wander here and there,

And no one even seems to care.

As I wonder from day to day,

I let it come, whatever may.

I walk down this lonely road,

With no one there to share my load.

Remembering the promises I did not keep,

What can I do now but sit and weep.

Now that the past is all behind,

I'm trying my best to clear up my mind.

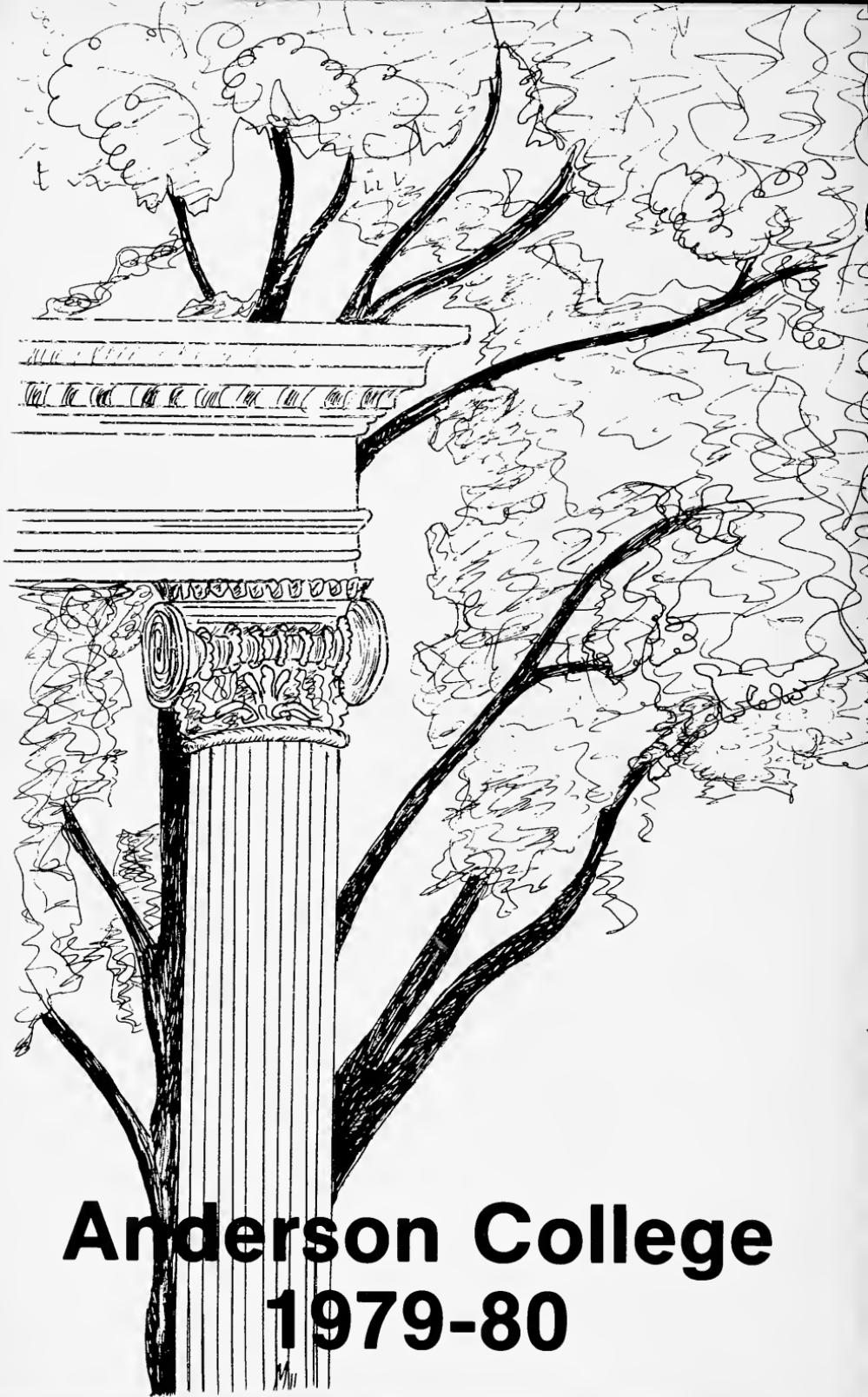
And since I am all alone,

I find it best for me to roam.

Annette Butts







Anderson College

1979-80